

REGISTER

VOL. LXIV

OCTOBER

NO. 1

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The Latin School Register

Member
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Football Issue

Vol. LXIV

Oct., 1944

No. 1

PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT JULY, AUGUST
AND SEPTEMBER BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL, AVENUE
LOUIS PASTEUR, BOSTON, MASS.

TERMS: One dollar twenty-five cents per year; by mail
one dollar and fifty cents. Entered as second class
matter October 12, 1898 at the Post Office at Boston,
Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Advertising
rates on application. Contributions solicited from
undergraduates. All contributions must be plainly,
neatly, and correctly written, on one side of the paper
only. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard
to the needs of the paper and the merits of the
manuscript.





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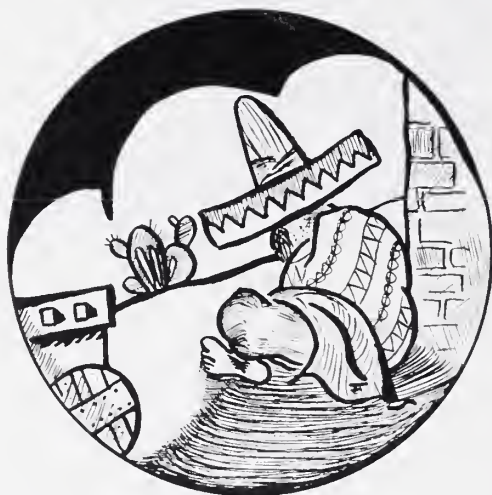
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The Cask Of



IN the foothills of the Sierra Madre in lower Chichuahua slumbers the little, dirty town of Tamale. It is a sluggish town, faithful to its Mexican founder—a sluggard.

The people are simple and understand one another. Pedro Paprika, for instance, for the past fifteen years has lived up to his name as the most energetic inhabitant. He can turn in his sleep and slap flies at least twenty times per diem. An amazing record! Think of it—twenty times! Who but an athlete or a fool would interrupt his siesta on a blazing hot afternoon to slap a mere insect? . . . Then there was Pepe Gorgonzola, a chubby, sun-blackened boy, who ran a donkey-cart about town in his self-made errand business. Pepe planned that some day he would go to Mexico City and acquire real erudition. . . . And there was Sancho Cerebelli, the town philosopher, an old fellow with gray whiskers down to his breast. Every

town must have its sage. . . . We must mention, too, Don Villano, an unscrupulous scoundrel, a badman, and owner of the *Red Donkey Tavern*, who had organized into a vicious gang the most treacherous wretches in the district.

In a small town each man's traits are well known. But one man's fault became the subject of gossip and then the cause of unceasing persecution. He had settled in Tamale about . . . well, it must have been a year since he had come quietly through the pass, on his old mule.

Armadillo Sebastian Miguel don Rodriguez Eteban Jose Cazenave y Fortunato Sarsaparilla was a reticent but unconventional peasant, sturdy and fleshy. He was a good man; and being good-natured, he had friends. But he kept the village gossips talking for one reason. Armadillo Sarsaparilla, noted for his long silences, was notorious for his absences. Sometimes, indeed, he disappeared from the countryside completely and returned, without explanation, only after several weeks. After a time he became the black sheep of Tamale, a thorn in the stem of the rose. He stood out like a sore thumb on an otherwise perfect hand.

With irregular, drooping mustachios, and wrapped almost completely in a heavy and colorful shawl even on the hottest of days, he would hobble about town. Eternally he kept his right arm hidden under his shawl. Every one had learned the reason: a small square box which he carried day and night. A splendid box it was—or had been. Painted black, symbolic of its dark contents, even to its lock and braces which

Armadillo

DEANE GEORGE-ADIS, '45

might once have been gold or silver, it looked like a diminutive treasure-chest.

Some thought that the cask contained money. Others guessed at stolen goods—perhaps regal jewels, which Armadillo was holding until his confederates, who were arranging a sale, might notify him. He was, after all, a complete stranger. Although every one differed as to the contents, every one agreed that Armadillo was signing his own death warrant by carrying the box on his person. Armadillo, they said, would be found in the road some morning, *minus* his box; in fact, he would need a larger one to house his body. Why did he not leave the cask at home, buried under the hearth perhaps? If he had done that on his very first day in Tamale, not a single suspicion would have been aroused, and Armadillo would have become known as a very likable man. Was the cask so valuable?

One day, during one of Armadillo's absences, Pepe Gorgonzola ran into the square, breathless but shouting at the peak of his frail voice; and before the dust raised by his feet had settled, the entire village had gathered around him. There was much chattering, and Don Villano, first on the scene because Pepe had come to a halt in front of the *Red Donkey Tavern*, called for order. The crowd became silent. "What it is, Pepe? It seems you have been running, eh?"

Pepe, drawing another refreshing breath, looked up at Villano. "I have," he said hoarsely. "I have run a great distance. This morning I was in Panamint Flat because Maria Diaz had sent me with goods for her old mother. I

had started early; and on my way back I took a short-cut, of which I know many. Seeing a campfire through the trees, I went to it. And it was there that I saw—I saw Armadillo."

"Armadillo!" A thousand voices flared up together. Little Pepe grinned impishly. Anticipating the people's reaction, he added a zest and eagerness to his tone.

Five minutes elapsed; Pepe was urged to tell more. "Well, when I got to the clearing, I saw that Armadillo was asleep. The food over the fire was burnt black and smoke was all over the place, but on the other side of the fire I saw his black box. It was open . . ."

"Open!" a thousand voices echoed.

"What was in it?" a voice demanded.

Pepe lowered his eyes. "I did not look," he said, almost in a whisper.

"You did not look!" cried an old woman. "It was there in front of you, the mystery of all Mexico, and you did not peep into it?"

"I was afraid. It is an evil box. Maybe there were demons, or . . ."

"Let us not scold the child," Villano said affably. "At least we have found Armadillo. Shall we make plans?"

Don Villano's first thought had been, perhaps, to reach the spot alone and seize the cask. But the cask was known to everyone, and no one would let the opportunity escape. It was now or never to learn Armadillo's secret.

Sancho Cerebelli, the intellectual, took the stand. "My friends," he announced smoothly, "I suggest we march and come to terms with Armadillo. He must let us see the cask and

he must explain his absence, or we shall not allow him to return to Tamale."

There was a loud cry of approval. In the old philosopher's eyes was an evil gleam, which only Don Villano noticed. Treasure was every one's dream. Was there enough to be divided among so many? "I suggest," continued Sancho, "that we appoint a committee to present the terms to Armadillo." Sancho glanced around. "Pedro Paprika, our most industrious friend, shall be our leader. Don Villano and I will accompany him, and Pepe shall show us the way."

And so it was that less than a half hour later a bizarre expedition filed out of town along the dusty road. Old Sancho straddled a mule, and Don Villano rode smartly in the jeweled saddle of his black horse. Pedro Paprika sat astride an old mare, with Pepe clinging behind.

They reached the clearing and dismounted. Armadillo, standing by his packed mule, watched them, stiffly. The four intruders gathered before him. Pedro spoke. "Armadillo, as a representative of the people of Tamale, I ask you to inform us of the contents of your cask." Armadillo gaped. Slowly, he looked into each face.

"Unless we see your cask, Armadillo," Pedro went on, "I'm afraid we can not permit you to return to Tamale."

Finally, Armadillo spoke, in his rare, unfamiliar voice. "No," he mumbled. He paused. "I will not let you see my box." Armadillo's firm, pronounced words seemed to strike a common chord in the minds of the committee of four: An argument might continue for the next hour. Armadillo seemed obstinate, resolute; his decision had evidently been made. Wile and strategy were needed to overpower Armadillo.

Don Villano spoke. "Armadillo, we are your friends. We elected to come here to you before the village mob ar-

rived and treated you with violence. For a year, Armadillo, you have lived in our town. And in that year you have refused to become a part of us. In fact, you have only tended to rouse our anger with your box. What manner of man are you, Armadillo? If you are an honest man, if you have nothing to hide, you will tell us your story and we shall hear it in good faith. If you are a criminal, it is our duty in the enforcement of justice to hold you and give you a fair trial."

Old Armadillo stared vacantly. Villano's eyes had shifted to the box, and the others were looking upon Armadillo eagerly. Armadillo was trapped. He was obliged to respond to their terms. He was silent for a long time. The "committee" waited patiently.

Finally, Armadillo spoke. "I am more than an honest man," he said simply. "My life has been hard, but I have harmed no man." The lines in Armadillo's old face shifted; his mouth tightened; a shining bead appeared at either eye and fell out, running a streaky line across his pudgy, dust-packed nose. "I will show you my box." His watery eyes closed, and he turned around and dragged his body to the side of his mule.

In that moment when Armadillo spoke the six simple words, a discordant note was struck. Paprika, ill at ease, moved his arms nervously. Sancho stroked his whiskers. Pepe let his worried eyes rove among the crowd. Villano followed Armadillo across the clearing. The situation was turning out to be entirely different from what they had expected. This should have been a time for rejoicing; everyone should have been smiling—nay, laughing.

"Wait!" said Villano, a trifle hoarsely. "Remember, you are not compelled to this . . . you are . . ." But Armadillo, deaf to words, reached for his saddle-pack, removed the box, and walked back

into their midst. He held the cask between wrinkled, unflinching hands. Within it existed the secrets of an old man. There were sparkling lights of curiosity in the eyes watching it.

"Evil demons!" thought Pepe.

"Stolen gold!" thought Villano.

"Life savings!" thought Paprika.

"Sentimental papers!" thought Cerebelli.

A trembling finger unhooked the

the contents of his box. Where are the real goods, Armadillo?"

Armadillo shrugged. "This is my whole secret. It is all I have in life, and all I care to retain. To me, it means years of work. I am a scientist."

"You crazy old man! You are a fool!"

Armadillo continued as if he had not heard. "Many years ago I was a vigorous young man. I had hopes and dreams, and I worked very hard to



lock and wedged the crack. The cover lifted slowly. Like the revelation of a great lost secret of the past ages, the blackness withdrew from the cask. Villano plunged a finger within, twirled it, and withdrew it. He snapped back his head and stared at Armadillo.

"They are *beans*!" Paprika said, without taking his eyes from the cask.

"They are beans," agreed Sancho, more solemnly, nodding his head.

"Bah!" Villano exploded. "We've been tricked, I tell you. Armadillo would never have shown any one his cask. He must have seen Pepe run off a little while ago, and the cunning old fox suspected the truth and changed

realize them. But the world is filled with selfish, ignorant, devilish men. There was no helping-hand, no goodwill, no righteous man anywhere. Wherever I went, I met evil. Men ruined me, and they devoured each other. Once I was a teacher; unscrupulous men deposed me with scandalous lies. I was innocent, young, heartbroken. For a year I wandered aimlessly, moneyless, and friendless. I went into business. Fate seemed to help me. I built my business higher and higher; and then, when I seemed to be at the peak, I collapsed. My tower crumbled, and again I was alone in the world. My goodness was too much for this

world. I could not pass through the vicious, snarling ranks of mad dogs who crowded the face of the earth. I gave up. My good heart was not to be polluted. I would lead a full, clean life to my last day; for my soul would be valued then, and it was the only way I could outwit my enemies.

"Thus, to this day, I have been a poor, traveling peasant. I earn a meager pittance, only enough to feed me and keep me alive. My cask is my only possession. Here. Here, in this box, you see red beans and white beans. It is my own record of this life. For each group of evil men whom I have run across in my travels, those who have been blinded by false wants, I have dropped a red bean into the cask. For those whom I have found pure in heart, I have dropped a white bean. As you can see, my friends, there is a great, great preponderance of red beans; and the white, although there are some, are almost hidden by the red beans. That is my secret."

"You must be a mad one, old man, to do such things. What are you raving about—red beans and white beans? . . . good beans and bad beans?"

"My life has been devoted to the study of men's minds. I have ended my experience in your town, and now I must leave and go on to new cities. How shall I represent Tamale in my cask, my friends? You are the committee which represents Tamale. My friends, shall I drop in a red bean . . . or a white bean?"

The committee was silent. Shame and disgrace were written in their faces. At last they began to see some kind of light.

"Shall I tell you?" Armadillo went on. "First I see Don Villano, a miserable reprobate. He continually harbors thoughts of power and gold. He will never cease bearing such thoughts. Next, I see Pedro Paprika, a humble, worth-

less fellow, who knows not his own mind, but sways with the wind and travels with any master who commands him. I see Sancho Cerebelli, an old fool, and, indeed, no true philosopher. His heart bears malice and belittlement. He seeks pleasure in his fellow-man's difficulties; and he, like a great grinning monster, looks on, and sneers, and adds to his own hypocritical knowledge. I see Pepe Gorgonzola, your youth, who knows little of the world and grows up only with what he learns from his elders. He follows those who have gone before him.

"In you, my friends, humble people of a humble town, I see all that I have seen in my long travels. I see age and youth, wisdom and ignorance, innocence and cunning. And behind you I see mob ignorance, the power of speech, and the sway of will. My friends, seek out your faults and tear them out by the roots. Seek contrition. Return to your village and spread the word of simple living. Outside of the crazy world's effects on your mind, you may be good at heart, and you may reform. You are able to do both. I have faith in you. But for the purpose of my record, I shall drop in a red bean."

A red bean. . . . Don Villano and his associates watched that bean drop as if a blade had descended on their necks, as if their very destiny had been judged then and there, and their past condemned. They returned to the village, so silent that no one dared question the outcome of the meeting.

By dusk, Armadillo had disappeared through the mountain pass, on his old mule, the same way he had come a year ago. Don Villano, Sancho Cerebelli, Pedro Paprika, and Pepe Gorgonzola turned their expressionless faces toward the pass. And all the villagers, unknowing still, watched with them. But with the morning, light descended on the town of Tamale.

YOUR JOB

The month of September has rolled around, and with it the start of a new school year. Uncle Sam is proud of America's high school students and proud of the part they have played during the summer in the war effort. Tom and John worked in the Army Base—Bill and Al worked in the Navy Yard—Joe and Norm in an Army warehouse—Phil and Bob worked on a farm. Thus one could go on for hours and still be unable to complete the list of places where students worked. Each boy had a job to do, and did it.

Now, another task is ours, one even more important than that just completed. We are the America of tomorrow. Our brothers, fathers, and cousins are fighting to make this war the end of all wars. It will be our job to see that they did not die in vain.

We are offered the best education in the world, and we must make the most of it. We must have the same answering faithfulness in our studies as we had in our work. Diligent study now will reap benefits in the post-war world. Keep up your good work. America is proud of you.

OUR AIM

This year, the *Register* enters its sixty-fourth consecutive year of publication. Like most former editors, we came to Mr. Marson in early September with dozens of suggestions for improving the magazine. Of course, we realize that the *Register* always was far better than the average publication, and we have tried to retain all its good features.

However, a crying need for improvement has existed in certain sections. The main deficiency has always been the lack of illustrations. As you read this issue, most of you will agree that this lack has been diminished. We have decided to reinstate the popular column of a few years back—"Our Lords and Masters." Most of the upper-classmen will recall it, and welcome its return. To you younger boys, it will serve as a medium for becoming better acquainted with the men who exert so great an influence on you and your school. Upon seeking your favorite column, the R.R.R., many will be in for a profound shock. No longer present is the bearded rubberneck who has headed the column since its inception, and who has driven to distraction the curious Sixth Classmen who have attempted to grasp its significance.

In the literary department, there is the ever-present, desperate need for material. You cannot convince us that the Latin School actually does not contain many boys who can write at least as well as the few who do contribute. It does no good to criticize those who do write. They, at least, are trying to produce a magazine worthy of our school. If you think the *Register* lacks quantity of material—or quality, help by submitting work of your own. The thrill of seeing your contribution in print is well worth the effort involved. Don't merely say, "That's right," and then forget the whole matter. Sit down and write something *tonight!*

This article is a brief exposition of what we are trying to accomplish and the problem we face. We welcome contributions—anything from constructive criticism to a ten-page story. With support from the student body, this year's *Register* can be a publication of which we can all be proud.

FOLLOW THE LEADERS

One of the wonders of our schools is the way the boys are supporting the War Bond Drive. The boys of the classrooms of today are the future Minute-Men of tomorrow.

One of our teachers, Mr. Weinert, a German teacher, in Room 216, is one of the best War Stamp sellers I have heard of. His speeches induce many to help support this drive. In his homeroom, which consists of 30 pupils, 100% co-operation is given each week. Mr. Weinert has said, "If you realize how our boys are suffering, you will buy America out." Keeping this thought in mind, let's all buy more War Bonds and Stamps.

* * * *

The nation faces a serious paper shortage. The demands of our armed forces have been huge, and the supply of paper for civilian use is very small. As a last attempt to increase this fast diminishing supply, our government has sponsored a nation-wide drive to save scrap paper. Old newspapers, magazines, bags, and cardboard are just a few of the many items we can save. Collection days for wards and communities are designated in newspapers.

But, there is still another way we can do our part. Every day in class we consume much paper. A large part of this can be saved. Mr. Levine, master in Room 301, has set a precedent that other rooms should follow. He has placed a large shopping bag next to the waste basket, in which discarded newspapers, homelessons, test papers, and lunch-bags are saved.

One room's patriotism does not amount to very much, but multiply this by approximately 55, and it begins to add up. It *can* be done. Let's get right to work and start saving scrap paper now! Once again our school will do our share to help the war effort.

COOPERATIVE ROOMS

The *Register* Circulation Staff wishes to give credit where credit is due. For almost two months, its members have pleaded, cajoled, and begged the students to subscribe to this worthy publication. The staff has given up its "black-jack" policy (through the scarcity of black-jacks), but has found worthy substitutes. Anyone who visits Room 131 at lunch-time will testify to this. As a result, there are twenty-four rooms with 100% subscription. *Are you keeping your room from the list?*

100% SUBSCRIPTION

301	209	129
304	210	123
316	222	104
329	219	122
302	233	121
335	214	115
218	215	108
235	130	106

SUCCESS STORY

MERRILL R. LOVINGER, '45

For six long years Fenwick Dringle's life had been a continuous stream of text-books and misdemeanor marks. For six long years Fenwick had studied and dreamed of the moment when, having completed the required course, he could take his place with the others who had thrown off the burden of academic education and had taken their places in the world as men. He had his whole life figured out. He would go to college; would become a successful businessman; would acquire all the things in life that his parents and grandparents before had never had. Fenwick Dringle was to become a success!

In due course Fenwick Dringle was graduated from Latin School. The very first day after his graduation, just after he had put on his best suit to visit the college of his choice, he received a terse letter, which read:

GREETINGS FENWICK DRINGLE.

We, the members of your draft board, acting as agents for your government, feel that we have neglected you. We therefore ask you to drop in and pay us a visit. We want you to know that ever since we heard of your graduation from Latin School, you have been 1A in our estimation.

Armies of love,

Your Draft Board

At first the Army didn't agree with our hero. Dringle's education had not covered the finer points of garbage-collecting and floor-sweeping. However, overcoming all obstacles, Fenwick entered basic training hale and hearty and rarin' to go.

The first thing Dringle learned was how to handle a rifle. Naturally, the Army had no way of knowing that Fenwick, having been a table captain at Latin School, already had had a

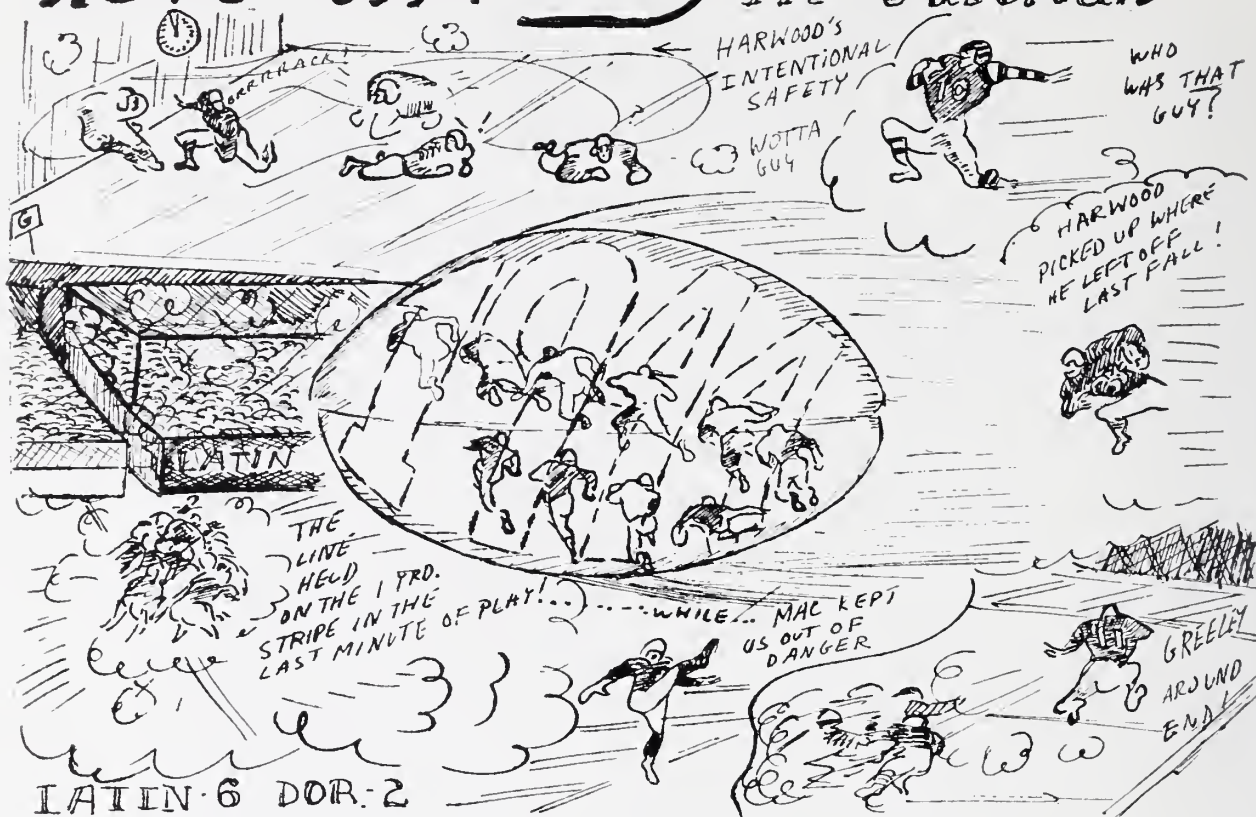
wide range of experience with rifles, blackjacks, and frozen Hoodsies. The problem of firearms was overcome with ease. Little by little, Fenwick's brilliance began to have its effect on the top-sergeant, Fignewton by name. He recognized our hero's ability early in the game. Under his tutelage it didn't take long for Fenwick to prepare for fighting under battle conditions. This, dear readers, is the climax of the story of Fenwick Dringle.

The smoke of battle hung overhead like a shroud. Bullets whined and cannons roared, yet Fenwick still continued his attack. Man after man fell back, exhausted from the ordeal, but not Fenwick Dringle. Through smoke and flame he advanced until even the officers noticed this lone soldier, remarkably overcoming all obstacles in the path of his charge. No one could figure out why Fenwick had such stamina. How could a puny Latin School graduate exceed all other soldiers in courage and fortitude?

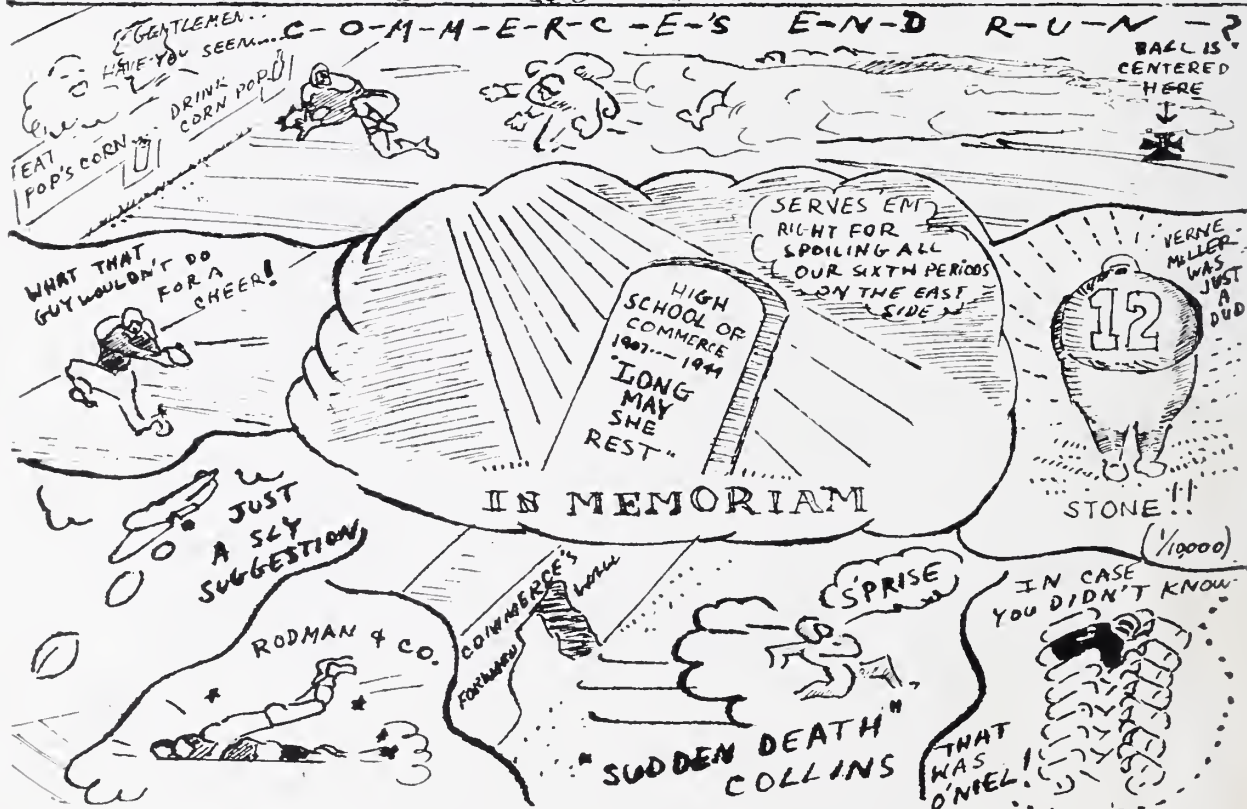
After the manoeuvres, Fenwick was called before a special board of officers, whose sole task was to find out what made him a super-soldier. After hours of questioning the answer finally came. Fenwick Dringle, puny Fenwick, funny little Fenwick, studious Fenwick Dringle, had been an agent for the Latin School *Register*. Alone he had tackled classes of from thirty to forty pupils—coaxing, pleading, forcing boys to buy the *Register*. No wonder Fenwick Dringle was the man that he was!

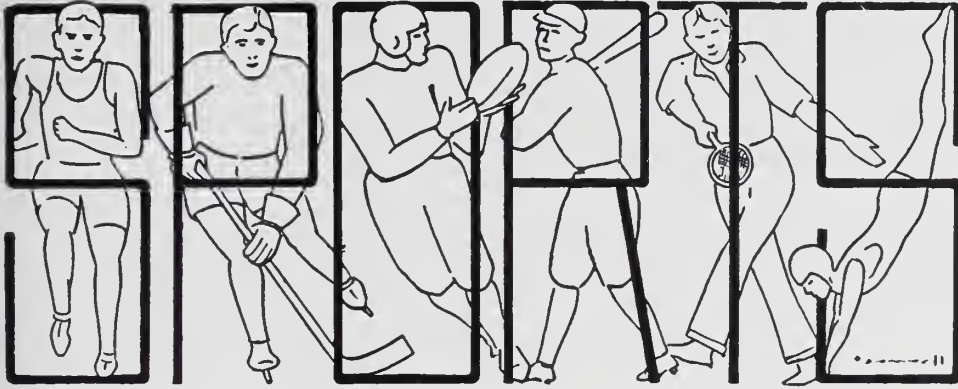
After that, there was no need for further questioning. The Army had heard enough. Fenwick Dringle was made an officer. Fenwick Dringle had reached the peak of success all because he was a Latin School boy, who had sold the *Register*. Fenwick Dringle had succeeded.

We're Off! ~ Al Sullivan



Commerce Killers ~ Al Sullivan





PREVIEWS OF THE COMING CAMPAIGN

Out with those cheers! Sharpen those voices! The football season is here.

The Purple and White, though hindered by injuries and inexperience, has one of its most promising teams in years. Material is plentiful and promising with fourteen letter-men, veterans of a hardy year, ready to fight it out with the many other hopefuls for first team berths. Latin has a competent but inexperienced team to wear her colors for 1944.

At right end is the veteran "Bill" Shields, one hundred and eighty pounds of fighting man, an excellent pass-receiver and impenetrable on the defence. Capably filling the other flank post is Bert Rodman, a scrappy athlete and a great offensive blocker, who, together with Shields, gives the team two good ends. Bob "Red" Murphy, one of the four remaining starters of last year's English game (0-0), has, without doubt, clinched the left guard position. "Red" is a distinct power, both offensively and defensively, in the line. In the other guard slot is Frank McLaughlin, who incidentally seems to be the fellow under almost every pile up. Big, amiable "Bud" Field at present has the inside track for the pivot position. "Swede" Nelson, the aggressive hundred and eighty pound tackle, will

prove an immovable bulwark on defence. "Jimmy" O'Neill, a tall lad, with his hundred and seventy-five pounds distributed to good advantage on his rangy frame, is a strength on defence, and a tiger of offence.

Who is in the backfield? In the all-important quarterback position is "Jim" McMorrow, a shifty ball-handler of the highly publicized "T." Because of his light weight, he is strictly an end runner, and sticks for the most part to his motto, "No stops." Jim will do the booting and signal-calling for the team. "Dick" Semonian, the track star, who in his first year out has surpassed all other contenders in his position, is slated for the right halfback job. In the left halfback slot is peppery little "Franny" Collins, who can pick up the extra yardage whenever a first down is needed. "Wally" Harwood, two years ago publicly named by Coach Fitzgerald as the most gifted prospect he's had in recent years, has blossomed into All-Scholastic material as fullback. "Wally," a triple threat, is a shifty back, splendid ball-carrier, body-jarring blocker, and excellent passer.

Slated for a starting position was huge "Eddie" O'Neill, a husky center. When he broke his collar-bone during practise, he was forced out for the season. His

loss is felt all the more keenly, inasmuch as he was the only boy on the squad weighing over 200 pounds.

Up and coming is "Billy" Greeley, a scrappy broken-field runner. Other likely players are Kenny, Connor, Mueller, Finn, and Manin, who are keeping the starters constantly on their toes.

This summary would not be complete

without mention of the important part the substitutes have played in getting the first team ready. They really deserve hearty handshakes. So let's all get together and have a good attendance at the games and give the boys some moral support. Good luck to you, Coach Fitzgerald, and to you, team. We're all rooting for you.

LATIN EDGES DORCHESTER 6-2

October 5: The Purple and White took the field against Dorchester at Braves Field on a warm Thursday afternoon, tallied early in the third stanza, and then concentrated on defending this lead for the remainder of the contest, while a dogged Red and Black eleven fought desperately but vainly to knot the count.

The Avenue Louis Pasteur boys seemed headed for a great day when, early in the game, with Semonian and Harwood leading, they marched to the Dorchester "5." But when the Dorchester line decided that Latin was going the wrong way, the Latin team was forced to pin its hopes on passes. Harwood faded back, uncorked his throw, but to the dismay of the Latin rooters, it was intercepted on the "11" and run back six yards.

Dorchester's punt, at the very beginning of the second quarter, was fumbled and subsequently recovered by Dorchester on the Latin "34." But the strong Latin line forced the Red and Black adversaries to kick. After a series of runs by Greeley and Collins, the Latin team found itself entrenched on the Dorchester "25" and forced to fill the air with passes. None found its rightful owner.

The opening kickoff in the second half was brought up to the Latin "44" on a clever runback by Greeley. The educated toe of "Jim" McMorrow put Dorchester on the spot in the early

moments of the second half when his beautiful kick set the rival eleven back on its "24." Then Captain Harwood returned a Bob Lydon punt twenty-one yards to the Dorchester "29." Harwood picked up six more yards, and a pass from "Jim" McMorrow to Jim Sullivan was completed to the 11, from where Collins went over for the touchdown. Ardolino's attempt for the conversion was blocked; and Latin led by six points.

However, the ball game wasn't over by any means, for Dorchester put up a desperate battle throughout the last quarter in an attempt to score the equalizing touchdown, and thus have a chance at the all-important kick. Midway through the last stanza the Red and Black set sail for the B. L. S. end-zone, but a heroic goal-line stand by the Latins prevented a score. "Charley O'Rourke" Harwood then ran his end zone for an intentional safety, and McMorrow booted from the twenty to the fifty, where a vicious tackle by Bert Rodman made the foe fumble and allow Latin to recover. Not taking any chances, McMorrow got off the best kick of the game, when he forced the safety man all the way back to the two and a neat tackle by Rodman nailed him on the "5" as the final whistle blew.

This summary would not be complete without mention of the sensational play of the hard-charging B. L. S. In fact, the team as a whole showed promise

and gave fair warning that the Purple and White will be a worthy contender for top honors.

The Latin line-up: le, Rodman (Mintz); lt, O'Neill, lg, Murphy; c,

Field (Crowley); rg, McLaughlin (Finn) (Wolf); rt, Nelson (Mueller); re, Shields (Sullivan); qb, McMorrow (Dillon); rhb, Greeley; lhb, Semonian (Collins); fb, Harwood (Ardolino).

—Game Statistics—

	First Quarter		Second Quarter		Third Quarter		Fourth Quarter		Total	
	L.	D.	L.	D.	L.	D.	L.	D.	L.	D.
Points scored	0	0	0	0	6	0	0	2	6	2
First downs	5	0	2	1	1	0	0	3	8	4
Gain by rushing	60	6	49	4	17	12	0	27	126	49
Loss by rushing	5	1	2	0	0	0	0	5	7	6
F. P. attempted	1	0	4	0	2	0	0	2	7	2
F. P. completed	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	1	1
Gain by F. P.	0	0	0	0	12	0	0	21	12	21
F. P. intercepted										
by	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	3
Gain by										
intercepted										
F. P.	0	6	0	6	0	6	0	0	0	18
No. of punts	1	1	0	3	2	2	1	0	4	6
Ave. of punts	28	25	0	28	43	20	43	0	38	25
No. of penalties	1	0	2	1	0	1	1	0	4	2
Yards penalized	5	0	10	10	0	5	15	0	30	15

—Drops from the Showers—

In the locker-room after the game, determination was written in the faces of all the players. Watch out, Commerce. . . . Every boy should attend every football game. It is a great help to the team to get vocal support from the stands. Incidentally, that was a swell idea of J. J. Collins to have a brass-band at the game. It really sounded swell. . . . Seen at the game were few of last year's athletes: "Chet" Wolf, the basketball ace; Lou Tessier, the football star, and "Art" Collins and Carl Parsons, the two speed merchants. Also seen at the game were many of our illustrious teachers. . . . The managers are Spillane, Vogel and Branche. During the time-outs, refreshments are served to the team by Dempsey. . . . It's too bad Bill Shields hurt his leg in the first half. Let's hope he'll be

back soon. . . . Going into the huddles, Bud Field was often heard saying, "Gosh, they're killing me." . . . Commerce and Technical (formerly M. A. H. S.) played the second game, and



when one of the regulars tore his pants, a sub was ordered to take off his pants to give to the regular. Handy, these subs are. . . . Late reports of last year's squad members have Bill Gallagher in the ski troops at Colorado. . . . "Pete" Garvin came back to B. L. S. to watch the Latin team prepare for the Commerce game. . . . "Bud" Field broke

his nose. . . . "Eddie" O'Neil was linesman. . . . You fellows who think the boys in the squad don't appreciate a crowd of Latin rooters out there are greatly mistaken. Come on out to the next game and give your team a little support. They're out there playing for you.

CHAMPS OF AVE. LOUIS PASTEUR

October 12: For the first time in recent history the Boston school played a Conference game on Columbus Day; and the Latin team, although outplayed, blanked a grim Commerce squad. The Latin line, and the great speedster, Fran Collins, rose to great heights, and it is to them the victory should be accredited.

Commerce elected to kick off. The ball was run back to the "45" by McLaughlin. After an exchange of kicks, on which Latin gained thirty-seven yards, the Purple and White took to the offense, and needed only three plays, the last by Fran Collins, to hit paydirt. Much to the disappointment of the Latin rooters, the try for the extra point was blocked. But even more disappointing was the fact that "Wally" Harwood was injured on this play and forced to leave the game. During the remainder of the period the ball was held by Commerce in their own domain.

The complexion of the game changed completely in the second period as the Commerce team marched straight to the Latin "3," on a series of clever runs and a pair of beautiful passes, only to be stopped dead in its tracks by the rejuvenated Purple and White line. At this point, "Jim" McMorrow faded back to within the shadows of the Latin goalposts, and put "toe to leather" to get the Latin eleven out of its alarming predicament. The half ended before Commerce could get under way again.

The outlook was gloomy indeed for

the B. L. S. footballers as they charged on to the gridiron in the second half, for Latin was without the services of its aces Harwood and O'Neil. Commerce immediately started to roll, by reeling off three consecutive first downs, but the Latin machine started to click, and the Commerce team was forced to relinquish the ball on the Latin "10." From this point on, the two teams exchanged the ball frequently, with long kicks by McMorrow highlighting the remainder of the period.

At the beginning of the fourth period, Latin found itself on its own 41-yard line. On the second play, Fran Collins, the Latin speedster, slashing inside tackle, raced fifty-eight yards to score standing up, and thereby end the day's scoring activities. Soon the final whistle blew, and Latin walked off the field with its unbroken record intact.

The B. L. S. line-up:

Le, Rodman (Mintz) (Holland); lt, O'Neil (Howalt); lg, Murphy; e, Kenney (Quinn); rg, McLaughlin (Finn); rt, Mueller (Stone); re, Sullivan (Donoghue) (Curran); qb, McMorrow; rlb, Greeley; lbb Collins (Connors); fb, Harwood (Dillon).

—Drops from the Showers—

Coach Fitzgerald's "kick and wait for a break" policy is comfortable when a kicker like McMorrow is present to cause the opposition many a headache. . . . Kenney played like an inspired man while doing the pivoting for the team. On one play late in the game he hit the

ball-carrier so hard you could hear it. . . . Seen at the game were two former captains: "Billy" Ward of 1940's famous 19-to-12 victory and "Bob" Brown of the 1943 renowned undefeated team. . . . The squad has been riddled with injuries: "Wally" Harwood has a bad leg; Dick Semonian's leg is also bothering him; Bert Rodman has a "charley horse"; "Bill" Shields has a wrenched

leg; "Eddie" O'Neil fractured his collarbone; and "Bud" Field broke his nose. Let's hope that this plague will stop soon. . . . If you don't think "Bill" Greeley made his presence felt out there on the field, ask the Commerce lad who was backing up the left side of that line. . . . To Latin School it was a "Pyrrhic Victory," as early in the first period half the first team was out with injuries.

Statistics of the Game

	First Quarter		Second Quarter		Third Quarter		Fourth Quarter		Total	
	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.
Points scored	6	0	0	0	0	0	6	0	12	0
First downs	1	1	0	4	0	3	0	0	1	8
Gain by rushing	18	34	0	26	7	43	73	9	98	108
Loss by rushing	0	4	0	0	0	11	0	4	0	19
F. P. attempted	0	1	0	6	0	2	2	1	2	10
F. P. completed	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	1	0	4
Gain by F. P.	0	0	0	24	0	3	0	7	0	34
F. P. intercepted by	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gain by F. P. intercepted	0	0	0	0						
No. of fumbles	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Fumbles recovered	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0
No. of punts	3	3	3	2	2	1	1	2	9	8
Ave. of punts	35	19	36	22	33	24	20	22	33	21
Runback of punts	0	6	0	10	4	6	9	0	13	22
No. of penalties	1	2	0	0	1	1	2	0	4	3
Yards penalized	5	10	0	0	5	5	10	0	20	15



Tough!

1st Moron: "What's tough?"

2nd Moron: "Life."

1st Moron: "What's Life?"

2nd Moron: "A magazine."

1st Moron: "Where can ya get it?"

2nd Moron: "At the drugstore."

1st Moron: "How much does it cost?"

2nd Moron: "Ten cents."

1st Moron: "I only got a nickel."

2nd Moron: "That's tough."

While you are rolling off your chair, take a quick peek into a Math class—

Frank: That explanation's as clear as mud.

Hank: I suppose it must cover the ground, then.

* * *

"I closed my eyes for a wink, and lo and behold, you had the answer. Boys' minds don't work as quick as that." Mr. Scully said.



LATIN 6	DORCHESTER 2
LATIN 12	COMMERCE 0
LATIN 0	B. C. HIGH 19
LATIN 20	MEMORIAL 0



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LATIN —	ST. MARK'S —
LATIN —	TRADE —
LATIN —	TECHNICAL —
LATIN —	ENGLISH —

MISSION COMPLETED

A. L. GOLDSMITH, 45

The heavy fog, which had settled over the city for several hours, showed signs of lifting. A light breeze blew inland from the direction of the channel; and the brilliance of a full moon, dodging among the clouds, lit up a pitch-black sky. Down below in the streets, newsboys were shouting the headlines of the latest evening edition. Occasionally, a passer-by stopped to buy a paper and glance at the news. Once again, the paper was filled with stories of the Germans' new weapon and the damage it was inflicting on the English cities. The government, the paper said, assured the people that full measures were being taken to combat this new bomb, and definite results could soon be expected. With a worried mind, but supreme faith in his government, the passer-by folded up the paper and walked off into the darkness.

Meanwhile, a solitary English bomber was winging its way over the French coast. The plane carried a full crew, but its mission was not bombing. Sitting beside the pilot was a British Army officer, Lieutenant Thomas Wade. Lt. Wade was a tall, well-built fellow in his middle twenties. He had an air of calmness about him, although he was on a secret mission.

He had on a dark blue pair of coveralls and a white cotton blouse. His shoes were tattered and dusty, and the little blue cap which he wore only partly covered his blonde curly hair.

The stillness was broken when one of the crew tapped lightly on the lieutenant's back and announced that they were approaching their objective. Emitting only a deep sigh, he rose from his seat, and, with the help of his informer, strapped a parachute to his body. Without soaking, he stepped over to the side door and, at a signal from the

bombardier, hurled his massive frame into the air. Immediately a small package was thrown out after him. The huge, bird-like plane, its mission completed, turned around and headed home.

Silhouetted against the moon, a man dropped to earth silently like a phantom. The ground below appeared to be a meadow, broken on the right by a large forest. Both parachutes hit the ground almost simultaneously. Lt. Tom Wade hurriedly unfastened the chutes and buried them under some brush. Wasting little time, he strapped to his back the pack from the other chute and set out for the large grove of trees. There he hid for hours until he was sure he had neither been seen nor heard by any one.

Cautiously keeping in the darkness of the trees as much as possible, he set out briskly towards the west and walked continuously until the first streaks of red appeared on the horizon. He then sought a tall tree, climbed halfway up, tied himself to a branch amidst some heavy foliage, and fell asleep.

It was the latter part of the afternoon before Tom awoke. The sun was blazing hot; not a cloud was in the sky. After eating some of his meagre rations, he climbed to the top of the tree to do some reconnaissance. It did not take the lieutenant long to find what he was looking for; and, with a sigh of relief, he scampered down the tree. The information that the French underground had given to the British intelligence service was undoubtedly correct.

He did not walk as briskly now, but slipped from tree to tree, always looking about to see if he was being followed. Through the growth of underbrush a silvery gleam suddenly shone. More stealthily than ever, Tom approached a small river, and, to his surprise, saw

two German soldiers bathing in shallow water near the bank. His hand moved slowly towards the pistol beneath his shirt. Here was his chance to get even for what the Germans had done. His life meant nothing now. A month before a robot bomb had killed his little family—his wife and child—and had left him alone in the world. Two quick shots, and they would never know what had hit them. But his hand withdrew empty. His mission was far more important than the lives of two German soldiers.

Thus, he edged back into the woods and headed for a field a quarter of a mile away. He crept through the deep grass and stopped. Tom raised his head and peered about. This was it. He had reached his objective. A short distance away was a railroad track and many small buildings. With German sentries pacing back and forth, Tom knew he could do nothing until night-fall.

At intervals he heard rockets and looking up, he saw fiery trails of smoke in the sky. As he lay there, he formed his plans in every detail. After a last-minute inspection of his equipment, he set out.

Warily he crept forward. At the edge of the field he took several large pieces of paper, rolled them up into a ball, lit it with a match, and flung it far into the field. The parched grass did not take more than an instant to blaze up, and the flames spread rapidly. As the cry of alarm went up, German soldiers ran in all directions. Tom seized this moment of confusion and raced to a small shed, which he immediately set ablaze.

Headlong he raced towards the main building. He climbed upstairs and stepped into a large private office. Once again the French Underground proved invaluable, for there, up against the wall, was the row of files he was look-

ing for. Rapidly and efficiently Tom went through the mass of papers, and again luck was with him. Quickly Tom took the pack off his back, set it on the table, and took off its protective covering. He put on earphones, and tuned in a shortwave radio.

Contact was made with a British station, anxiously awaiting his message. Gun in one hand, papers in the other, the young lieutenant gave valuable information about the location and size of many robot bomb centers. He explained where he was and said that bombers could easily spot the place by means of the grass fire.

Suddenly the door burst open, but Tom was prepared for just such an incident. Two shots pierced the German's body as he slumped to the floor. Dropping a few lit matches into the papers strewn over the floor, Tom leaped out the window to the ground below. This time, however, he was spotted by a German soldier in a bucket brigade. Before he could silence the man, a cry escaped his lips. The lieutenant fled towards the railroad tracks and climbed to the roof of one of the boxcars. He could see the German soldiers advancing towards him from all sides, armed with automatic rifles and machine guns. He waited until a group was not more than several yards away and then flung a hand grenade.

A terrific explosion rent the air, which lit up the scene like daylight. A machine gun chattered its song of death, and Tom's bullet-riddled body fell to the ground. But then a new noise was heard, of many bombers—bombers coming to liquidate this enemy center of death. As Tom lay on his back, the blood pouring out of his many wounds, a smile crept across his face as he heard the sound of exploding bombs. His mission was completed, his family avenged.

The next night, as a heavy fog settled

over the countryside, newsboys were shouting the headlines of the evening paper. The passer-by stopped, bought a paper, and scanned the news beneath the street lamp. "For the first day in weeks," the paper said, "not a single

rocket bomb landed on English soil." "The R.A.F.," it continued, "has blasted the bomb centres to bits, and for a while, the danger has abated." The passer-by folded his paper and walked into the darkness.

HORACE TAKES A TRIP

Translated from the original by

H. J. SMITH, '45

Back in the year 38 my good friend and kind patron, Maecenas, travelled to Brundisium to do a favor for the Emperor; Vergil, some other friends, and I went along for the pleasure of the journey.

I started out on foot from mighty Rome, and passed the night at the little town of Aricia. Next came the Market of Appius at the head of the canal leading through the Pontine marshes, a town crammed with boatmen and stingy inn-keepers. The water here was so bad I went without supper. Amid the yelling of wine-soaked boatmen and slaves, I climbed aboard the canal vessel and retired. Sleep, however, was disfavored by the cursed gnats and frogs of the fens, and the boisterous singing of sailors. The next morning we had still not got under way, until some hot-headed fellow got out and cudged both mule and boatman into motion. At last, at ten o'clock we landed and washed in the crystal waters of the Feronia. Then we breakfasted, and crawled up three miles climb to Anxur, where Maecenas was to meet us. Travelling on, we were glad to leave Fundi, with its pompous, ridiculous mayor.

The next day was one of great rejoicing, for then Vergil and our executors, Plotius and Varius, joined us. O, what embracing and rejoicing there was! Nothing can be compared with the joy

a friend brings. When we arrived at Capua at an early hour, Maecenas went off playing ball, but Vergil and I went to sleep, for such games are not for dyspeptics like us.

Thence we traveled to Beneventum, where our busy host nearly burned down the house by letting the fire blaze too high. You should have seen the hungry guests and frightened slaves snatching at the food and trying to extinguish the fire!

In Apulis we mounted carriages and whirled twenty-four miles to a little town where water was so scarce it was sold by the teacupful, and the bread so good that we took along several loaves; and 'tis a good thing we did, too, for at the next town, Canusium, not richer in water by a jugful, the bread was gritty. Here Varius left us to the grief of his weeping friends.

When we arrived at Rubi, we were rather weary from a long journey made worse by the rain. The weather was better the next day, but the road worse. That night we stopped in a little fishing town. The next day Gnatia, a really "dry" town, gave us much mirth and laughter, because of the attempts of the priests to melt incense without fire on a rock before the temple. Some credulous people might have believed it, but not I.

Brundisium is the end of a long tale and a long journey.

CONDUCT AT THE SYMPHONY

R. L. SIDMAN, '45

This Fall marks the opening of the Boston Symphony's 64th season. We are addressing ourselves to those who are about to attend the symphony for the first time.

Upon entering the auditorium, do not be alarmed at the strange cacophony you hear coming from the orchestra platform. You are not late. It is merely pre-performance tuning-up, a nerve-wracking but necessary preliminary. Take your seat and wait with a somewhat bored expression. This will help hide the fact that you are a novice. Since you probably are wondering what is in store for you, do not be afraid to look at the program. But do this in a manner which implies that it is only because there is nothing else to do; in other words, don't let on that you are not already familiar with its contents.

The hall is filled. Here comes the conductor, all decked out in his Sunday best. After a few concerts, you will realize that he is always dressed thus, and has probably the best tailor this side of the Mississippi. Everyone is clapping—a far more dignified applause than is accorded the stars at the RKO. You too should join but remember—

Do not clap unless everyone else is doing so. The only times you may applaud are when the conductor first appears and when the composition is ended. This direction, however, is not as simple as it sounds. The piece is not necessarily over when the orchestra stops. Symphonies, for instance, are divided into sections, called movements, usually four, and there is a slight pause between two. Did you every try sawing wood rapidly for forty minutes? Then you cannot begrudge the violinist a moment's respite between movements.

I repeat: Do not applaud unless the work is finished. Make this mistake once, and every eye in Symphony Hall will seem to be focused on you. Besides, you may disturb Koussevitsky. The result might prove disastrous.

During the intermission halfway through the concert, shy away from all conversations dealing with the program. If you should be dragged into such a predicament, avoid making any possible comments, and couch your statements in vague generalities — as though you were running for President. However, you are perfectly safe in praising Bach, Beethoven, or Brahms—although Tchaikovsky would probably be your favorite. Trouble comes if a work by a modern composer has been played. Of course you will be asked how you liked it. Simply say, "It shows promise, but I don't quite like the form." That usually satisfies the more critical.

The lights are dimming once more, and the second half of the program begins. Now the strain begins to tell. You are probably somewhat benumbed by this time. A look around the hall will show that most of the other people are in the same condition. An ardent concert-lover would tell you that they are simply absorbed in the music, but you can form your own opinion.

If the music becomes too boring, you can amuse yourself by watching the precision of the orchestra. It is really amazing to see two dozen violin bows moving like pistons in a perfect machine, or a group of bull-fiddlers hacking away in unison. You will wonder what madness drives a man to play a French horn or the drums. In Washington, they use such instruments to help alleviate the housing problem.

At last the program is over. Now comes the final applause, during which the conductor bows to the audience. It is an inspiring bow, executed to perfection—the result of many years' practice. He leaves the stage, and the music-lovers file from the hall. The ordeal is over.

If you are a man of courage and determination, you will return again. Each succeeding concert will be more interesting, and unless you watch your step, the music of the masters will have gained another staunch supporter and admirer.

DOWN UNDER

R. E. FENNESSEY, '45

It was close to five when I walked down the countless steps leading into the dirty, gray-walled subway . . . and it was hot. On the crowded platform, with the sticky moisture of surging masses pressing around me, it was much too hot.

I put a penny in the gum machine, straightened my tie in the mirror, turned to my newspaper, and settled down to wait. It was not long, maybe two or three minutes, before the train arrived. The crowd pressed through the doors to seats. On the end of the seat, I was able to lean back and to the side and be moderately comfortable.

I started to read. My eyes traveled up and down the printed columns, trying to find something personal and intimate, something connected with my own interests. But then my eyes began to wander: "How can anyone read on a crowded subway car when happiness and sorrow are sitting beside you?" For instance, take that man over there; no, no, not him . . . the fellow in the gray suit; that's right. Look at him, so complacent, so self-satisfied! But let us look back a bit. Just think of what might happen if I should go to him with—"Say, Mister, have you got a boy in the service?"

"Uh—why, yes, I have."

And if I could read his mind, don't you think I might trace thoughts like these running through the corridors of memory? . . . "When Tim got his first

bad marks in school . . . when he played football . . . say, remember that day when . . . Oh, but how would you know? Tim and his formals; say, come to think of it, he always did like a tux." And then combing further back through those passageways to sorrows and to joys, he remembers . . . "Dad, can you spare a fin, because you see I've . . .?" Then, on it goes until finally he is brought up short. Tim isn't there any more. Tim is out fighting, fighting to give his children the things his Dad thought he had given to Tim. What is Tim like? you say. Well, suppose we take a look . . .

"Pilot to Navigator, how you coming, Jack?"

"Great, Skipper; over target in another five minutes."

"Over target; over target." These ominous words kept running through his head. This wasn't his first time over, but it was always the same sense of responsibility, the same queer feeling of tightness which would come over him. Seven lives not counting his own, and it was on him they relied. His hands did not relax from the wheel, but the words kept chasing each other through the passageways of his brain. Three minutes to get himself together . . .

"Pilot to Bombardier: Coming over target; it's your baby now."

"O.K., Skipper; hold tight."

Now he could watch, and think, and that was what bothered him. Sitting

there waiting, watching, thinking of Tim, the tall, blond Swede gunner, with an eye like a tiger on the prowl for food, an eye that watched with grim determination as the burning, twisted masses of wreckage, that were once the pride of the German Luftwaffe, fell away from his blazing guns. And then there was Al, laughing Al with his coal black hair and his senseless jokes at the wrong time. He was bombardier, and the pride of the base. "Down the old smokestack," he would say, and down it would go.

The flak was getting heavy now, and the laughing blue skies with the grinning sun tried its hardest to make fun of this deadly destruction.

"Bombs away, Skipper! Not bad, either." And then he laughed. "Bombs away!"

The tightness fled, the hands became steady; and the young skipper, with an eye cocked to the sun, said into the mike, "Home we go, boys, all in one piece," and the tow-headed Tim pulled in his gun, added two more to his score, and then winked at the radiant sun. . . .

Now, I wonder what you think of

subway trains. "What's that? His mother?" Look around; the car is full of people. But wait; here is one that might very well be she. Suppose we take that lady down there, to your right. Her lips, so thin, so compressed, so full of determination, her eyes cloudy and filled with a hidden sorrow, give testimony to her life—to the life of sorrows and joys, of moments brimming with tears and gales of laughter, of the sad days and happy days she has lived, and, given her youth, would live over again.

Now can you honestly say that a subway car is the place to read your paper? Won't you agree that life is right next to you? Sure! Go ahead, let your eyes wander down the aisle; look at the people who might have been, and yet are not. You see the man in uniform—fighting a nation's battles; you see the rich and the poor, the dirty and the clean. You see America, with its gaudy posters, its half-torn signs, all classes of people together, crowded into one car. You see an unforgettable sight, for you can't see it anywhere else. You see us as we were, are now, and shall be in the days to come. You, my very curious observer, see life as it is.

DID YOU KNOW THAT...

. . . Before he became headmaster, Mr. Powers taught mathematics. . . . The average age of a B. L. S. graduating class, long, long ago, was 15 years. "Them days are gone forever." . . . Latin School has had twenty-one headmasters, including Mr. Powers. . . . In 1931 the *Register* had a rival, "The Tribune," edited by members of Class V—"Imperium in imperio." . . . B. L. S. had three championship teams last year: football, hockey, and basketball. A short cheer for Messrs. Fitzgerald and Patton for the great job they did. . . . A track fan's dream relay team under

the name of "The Meteors" travelled through Northern New England last summer and the summer before, challenging and beating any and all college teams that would race them. Three members of this team were B. L. S. alumni, one was a member of this year's graduating class, and the fifth was an alumnus of English High School. Their names: "Art" Collins, B. L. S. '44; Carl Parsons, B. L. S. '44; "Cliff" Wharton, B. L. S. '43; "Matt" Branche, B. L. S. '45, and "Court" Ellis, E. H. S. '44. . . . In 1900, Prize Declamation was held in Tremont Temple. If I don't get this in soon, I'll be late for the deadline.

THE SUBSTITUTE

A. L. GOLDSMITH, 45

The days were growing shorter, and the north wind spoke of the oncoming winter. Bare limbs of trees stretched towards the sky while little heaps of brown leaves were blown about. In the yard of Riverdale High School boys were playing tag football. A few boys and girls, their books in their laps, were watching. The game over, tall, handsome Dick Burns walked over to the wall, stopped, lifted himself up, and sat down beside a pretty blonde girl.

Conversation was at first of school, but suddenly turned to a rumor that the son of a rich businessman from the Middle East had registered. Nobody knew anything about the boy, but the opinion persisted that he would feel superior to other Riverdale students. The conversation ended abruptly when Dick jumped down from the wall, took the books of his companion, and proceeded to walk her home.

The next morning, the Seniors were introduced to the son of Phillip Brooks, industrial tycoon. A deep silence greeted the newcomer. Tim Brooks was tall, thin, and dark—with a pleasant smile. He looked nervously about the room. One girl whispered to her friend that he was rather cute; but the reply came that he looked conceited.

At lunchtime boys and girls were gaily talking together, unmindful of Tim. For no reason he was the butt of many a joke, and his every attempt at friendliness was politely rebuffed.

A few days later the call for football candidates was issued. To the surprise of the large squad, Tim Brooks reported. One of the fellows made the remark that Tim ought to go home to his knitting, but Tim ignored him. This lack of fighting spirit increased his unpopularity.

The team continued to practice hard

until the coach had his team picked. Dick Burns was first-string fullback and captain, while Tim Brooks succeeded in winning a berth as Dick's substitute.

Then came the first game—a set-up. Amidst the shrill screaming of hundreds of female fans, Dick Burns romped over enemy territory, making one long touch-down run after another. That evening, as boys and girls celebrated the victory at the drugstore, Tim, alone, wandered about, silently rejoicing over the team's victory. He wished he could be one of the gang and have fun, but they just wouldn't give him a chance. Like a shadow, Tim slipped into the darkness and walked home. He contemplated asking his father to enroll him in another school, but decided to stay.

With November came Riverdale's traditional game with Beaverbrook High. Neither team had suffered a loss. It was a perfect day for the game. A few fleecy clouds floated lazily in a deep blue sky, and a snappy chill was in the air as the teams took the field.

As the whistle blew, Beaverbrook kicked off, sending the ball deep into Riverdale's territory. Dick received the ball and, with superb blocking, carried it to the enemy's forty-yard line. In quick succession, three lightning plays carried the ball to the four-yard line. With the cheering crowd electrified by the suddenness of the attack, Dick plowed through the center of the line and was lost under a heap of sprawling figures. When the referee indicated that the ball was over, the crowd let out a tremendous roar; but silence followed almost at once when the limp body of Riverdale's star was seen lying motionless on the ground. Soon after his unconscious body was carried off the field.

Riverdale's coach shifted one of the linesman into the backfield, hoping that at least defensively he could protect their slim lead. Soon Beaverbrook was pressing the low-spirited Riverdale team back, until it had the ball on the ten-yard line. Then, a bullet pass, timed perfectly, and the game was tied up, six to six; and when the extra point was missed, the Riverdale stands breathed easier for a while.

The whistle blew for the half, and both teams left the field. Dick had broken his leg, and when the teams lined up for the second half, Tim Brooks was at fullback.

The Beaverbrook halfback who received the kick was brought down on the opposition's 45. Once again they tried their bullet pass to the end, but, to the crowd's amazement, a lightning flash streaked across the field, intercepted on the dead run, and dashed out of reach of all clutching hands. Yes, it was Tim Brooks. He ran like one possessed, and outdistanced the only Beaverbrook man who gave chase to put Riverdale in the lead, twelve to six. Then, with the precision of an expert surgeon, he went on to kick the extra point.

Undismayed, the Beaverbrook eleven immediately started an offensive which rolled on to a climactic end run, that brought them to within one point of a tie. With just one minute to play, for the extra point, the quarterback called for another end run. It looked as though the play would work, but Tim, with a low-flying tackle, brought the ball-carrier down, inches short of the line as the game ended. With one tremendous roar, the fans came dashing out on the field, and surrounded the players. Tim was walking towards the locker-room, helmet in hand, when several enthusiastic classmates called to him. Quickly a large crowd of students and most of the football squad gathered about him, shaking his hand

and complimenting him effusively. The coldness, hitherto shown him, had completely disappeared, and Tim felt an inexpressible happiness.

That night, when the crowd had collected at the drugstore, Tim suggested that they visit Dick in the hospital and present to him the football used in the game. It was not long before the boys entered Dick's room. Tim walked over to the bed, stretched out his hand, and vigorously shook hands. Then Tim handed Dick the ball, autographed by the whole team. Dick held the ball tenderly in his hands, without saying a word. Turning it over slowly, as he looked at the names, he was unable to suppress the heavy mist which filled his eyes.



OUR LORDS AND MASTERS



MR. GOORVICH teaches history in 130. . . . Born in Boston during First World War. . . . Went to B. L. S., spending IVB in Commerce Annex, before new wing added here. . . . Played in Band, Orchestra, Boston Schools Symphony Band, and Concert Band. . . . Also member of Literary, Debating, Physics, and Radio Clubs. . . . Graduated with Leonard Bernstein, well-known composer-conductor. . . . Elected to Honorary Society at B. U. . . . Gained M.A. at Boston Teachers College. . . . Hobbies are music, tennis, and playground instructing. . . . Says B. L. S. boys not as studious as formerly. . . . Maxim is "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

MR. JAMESON teaches math, English, history, and Latin in 102. . . . Born in South Peabody. . . . While an infant, decided Boston more attractive, and moved here. . . . Came to B. L. S. in '31. . . . Was on Track Team, Rifle Club, Register . . . Mr. Shea's lab assistant in Senior year. . . . Graduated '37. . . . Attended B. C. . . . Became salesman. . . . Played pro baseball. . . . Coached semi-pro teams. . . . Worked with Hugh Duffey of Sox. . . . In army for seven months. . . . Main interest is radio drama. . . . Has done much New England broadcasting, some work on national hook-ups. . . . Also somewhat interested in his job at B. L. S. . . . Believes students are individuals and human beings, and must be treated as such.



MR. HART teaches history in 116. . . . Born in Boston, 1909. . . . Entered Class VI at Latin School in 1923. . . . Became very sick in '25, and left school for a few years. . . . Finished high school education at English, graduating in '31. . . . Worked his way through University of California at Berkeley. . . . On freshman football team, also History and Debating Societies. . . . Earned M.A. at Boston College. . . . Has been teaching in Boston since 1939. . . . Hobbies are reading and short-story writing. . . . Thinks Latin School boys are substantially the same now as ever—above average in intelligence, but not bookish.



Something of Interest.



Many clubs have been started. There is a club to satisfy the taste of nearly everybody in the school, so what say you, buckle down and show some active interest?

For those interested in using their voices, we have the Glee and the Debating Club. The latter meets every other Monday, while the former meets each Monday. Any Monday after school, if one is slow in leaving the building, he can hear the Glee Club under Mr. T. Francis Burke's direction, rehearsing in the school assembly hall.

... Meanwhile, in Room 206, he might find a few stalwarts battling it out on the subject of "Compulsory Military Training," about which Mr. Powers, Colonel Penney, and Mr. Francis Cleary have already spoken in assemblies of Classes I and II.

The officers of the Debating Club are:
Peter Francis Hines (303) President
Alfred Burke Sullivan (301)

Vice-President
E. Paul Kelly (301) Secretary
Joseph E. Richards (306)

Sargeant-at-Arms

Dates on its schedule include:

(1) Thursday, November 9, 1944, at 9:00 A.M., in the Assembly Hall with Classes I-II, and III—a Junior Town Meeting of the Air.

(2) Friday, October 27, 1944, on Navy Day—a Radio Show.

(3) Football Night on the Radio, before the Thanksgiving Day game, with the captains of the battling teams.

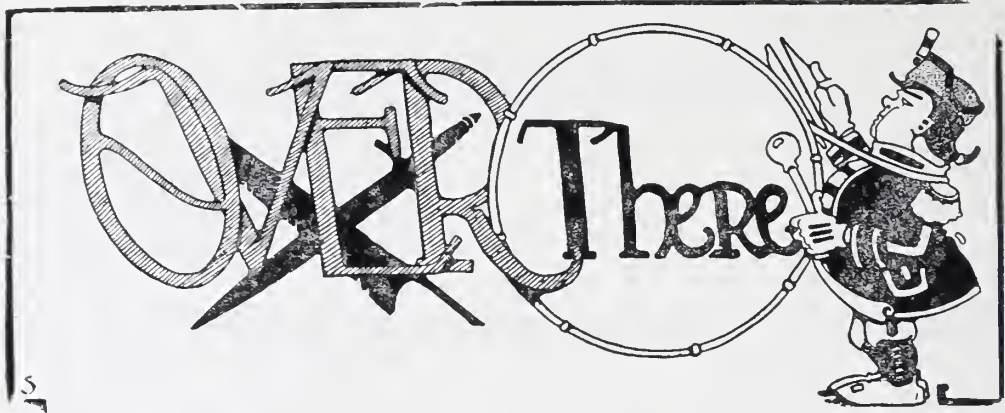
This program should take care of any "would-be" orator.

For those boys whose talents are more on the pictorial side the Art and the Camera Clubs meet on Tuesdays. Mr. Benjamin Scully is faculty adviser for the Camera Club, and Mr. Edward F. Brickley for the Art Club.

The Literary Club meets every Monday in 108, and the French Club gathers every other Wednesday in 301. Under the supervision of Dr. James Callanan and Mr. Max Levine, respectively, these clubs have started the year's activities with a bang!

Classes I and II were given a treat on Friday, October 13, 1944, in the person of Lieutenant Vickery of the Eighth Air Force, who asked us to join the Army Air Force and then told us of the experience of a sergeant friend of his, who had received flak wounds in his arm and back, bailed out of his plane, went unconscious, came out of it at 5,000 feet, broke his wrist opening his 'chute, broke his ankles on landing, then was surrounded and captured by a "German regiment," but finally escaped to Spain and thence to America.

Praise is due the pianists who make our assemblies more enjoyable (and longer). Two of these are David Yarosh of Class I and Buckner Gamby of Class III.



True to the tradition of Latin School, which has sent her sons into all the great wars of our nation, so in this one, the list of alumni in the armed forces is long and honorable. Many hundreds are on the fields of battle. Some have given their lives. . . .

Captain James Reynolds Dowd, '36, of the Field Artillery, was killed in the first wave of the Normandy invasion on June 6, 1944. He had served with his division, the "Fighting First," in all its campaigns and was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action in the battle of El Guettar. At B. L. S., "Jim" Dowd was a four-letter man (football, track, swimming, and captain of the hockey team)

Lt. (j.g.) John Robert Heffernan, '38, U. S. N. R., was killed in action in the South Pacific area. He had been serving aboard a destroyer in that theatre of operations and was expected home shortly on leave when news of his death was received by his parents. Heffernan was a colonel of cadets at Latin School.

Marine Second Lieutenant Allen M. Scher, '38, served as forward observer for the first artillery battery to go into action on Guam. He directed fire which killed hundreds of Japs during the enemy's vain eight-day effort to hold Orate Peninsula. Lt. Scher's direction, according to a Marine combat correspondent, helped break up the fanatical

"banzai" charge at night. . . . "Bud" Scher was ace photographer on the *Register* staff while here. . . .

A Marine Corps dispatch recently paid tribute to Captain John I. Fitzgerald, '34, for his work in organizing an amphibian tractor unit at Peleliu, Palau Islands. Captain Fitzgerald's unit carried on assault waves of troops and was the principal means of transporting supplies because larger landing craft were not able to reach the shore. The difficulties under which the "Amtracs" operated is seen in the names the men affectionately give their runs: "Purple Heart Lane" and "Mortar Valley Run." Capt. Fitzgerald had also commanded "Amtrac" outfits on Guadalcanal and Cape Gloucester, New Britain

The following is a partial list of other Latin School boys killed in defense of their country:

Pvt. Andrew G. Biggio, '44, of the U. S. Army, killed in Italy on Sept. 17, 1944.

Lieut. Forrest T. Foss, '33, U. S. Army, Italy, on July 6, 1944.

Capt. André N. Laus, '33, Army Engineer Corps, killed in France on Aug. 29, 1944. He was awarded the Silver Star.

Lieut. Arthur H. McDevitt, '36, U. S. Army, wounded in France on July 6, 1944, died on the 11th of that month.

Resquiescant in Pace

In spite of wartime restrictions, the Latin School Association looks forward to holding its annual get-together on the eve of the traditional Latin-English Thanksgiving Day football game. Of course, as may be expected, many will

be absent due to their activities in the armed services. Every Latin School Alumnus looks forward with great expectation to that night when he meets his old friends. For further details, consult Mr. Dunn.

FACULTY CHANGES

When the Seniors entered their private corner of the third floor in September, they found a change in Room 303. The kindly face of Mr. Hobbs did not greet them. During the summer he had retired. At first, the boys accepted this fact with mixed emotions. Many breathed a sigh of relief. They were thinking of other Septembers, when they had talked about their new teachers. . . . "Whom have you got for English?" — "Wish me luck, 'Joe.' Hobbs. He's a tough marker." But in Class I it was different. He was no longer merely a man with high standards; now he was a friend and adviser. We soon realized that we would miss his anecdotes about Shakespeare, and his stories beginning, "Now when I visited the Cheshire Cheese —." Don't burst into tears, though. This story is sad only from the students' point of view when he realizes what a loss the school has suffered. Imagine how Mr. Hobbs must feel! He is a free man! No more tests to correct, no complaints to be heard, none of the boredom of a teacher's daily routine. In fact, the Senior class thinks so much of this retirement idea that next spring we are going to follow Mr. Hobbs' example "en masse."

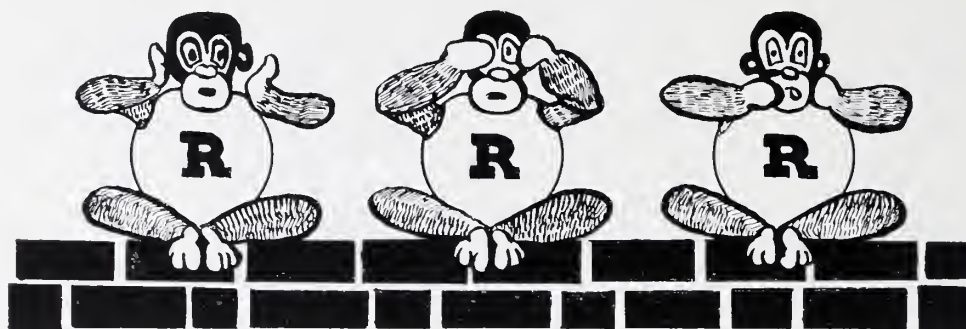
On the second floor, at the other side of the building, it is much quieter this year. You guessed it. Mr. Wenners' booming voice has disappeared (along with the rest of him). He has passed on to greener and cooler pastures. His new position is Principal of Traipp Academy, in Maine. We of the *Regis-*

ter miss his magic ability to extract pennies from a reticent student body. Another characteristic has departed with him. Room 215 was the only room in the building where a student might receive a tongue-lashing one minute, and immediately thereafter see a Sixth Classman (figuratively) in the teacher's lap! That's how he probably earned his nickname, "Pop." Seriously, we are very sorry he is gone because of the great loss to the Latin department and to the school. We wish him great success in his new work.

Two other masters are among the missing. Mr. Elmer Bowker, head of the "math" department, is on vacation. After the gymnastics he used to go through in class, he needs a rest. When it comes time for the College Entrance exams, we'll wish he were back.

Last, but not least, is Dr. Frank Galline. Those of us who were in his German classes never have had a more enjoyable time. Last year, he proved his versatility by teaching history to the lower classes. Often, an otherwise dull day was spent in discussing Sanskrit or Icelandic. The good Herr "Doktor" was a master of two dozen languages! He has gone to the High School of Practical Arts.

To take the places of these masters and our increased enrollment, we have a group of new teachers. They are Messrs. Kenney, Geisinger, Barresi, Hart, Scott, and Pheeny. We welcome them sincerely, and hope they find B. L. S. as enjoyable now as when they were students.



THE RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

Sept. 6: Look at them rushing to register! As the immortal bard once said, "What fools these mortals be."

Sept. 7: Well, here we are . . . again! For Classes VI and IVB it's the first time. For Class I . . . who can count that far? We ought to be proud that our school is the only one in Boston to increase its enrollment over last year. Waddayaknow?

Sept. 8: Don't laugh! The boy with the scared expression has been looking for B 12 for two days now.

Sept. 11: Things really got underway today. All books were given out, two out of every three Four B'ers were supplied with elevator checks worth one ride a day, the first milk bottle was opened, and room *Register* agents were coralled, hog-tied, and branded.

Sept. 12: Colonel Penney picked the officers from his highly trained group of Class I'ers. Some of us were lucky, and some of us are still crawling around on our hands and knees—trying to raise ourselves up from the lowly private. . . .

Sept. 13: Flute Forum formed for fellows feeling fit, firm, and fresh.

Sept. 14: Signs of subversive activities and sabotage are appearing in the ranks of Sixth Classmen. Upon being asked if he was going to buy the *Register*, a youngster replied, "Do I have to?"

Sept. 15: To an inquiry on the milk situation, His Excellency replied, "At present things are at a standstill. We are trying to determine where the milk comes from. When this is figured out, you will be fingerprinted for your permit, which entitles you to a coupon for the pass which entitles you to eat." Stand by for further announcements.

Sept. 18: Ye R.R.R. has been drafted. I shouldn't have asked questions. I am now a member of Mr. McGuffin's marshal brigade. Instead of a campaign ribbon, yours truly received a blue brassard with a white "M."

Sept. 19: Well, wha'd'ya know! Today I found a senior who doesn't want to run for office.

Sept. 20: Colonel Penney told the boys today that the uniform for Military Drill is to be changed to the following: trousers, shirt, tie, and overseas cap, all to be of Chino cloth. Of course, the purpose of this change is so that we shall have a regulation uniform when drafted. Clever.

Sept. 21: Heard in French Class:

Teacher: "How do you expect me to teach you French when you don't know the King's English?"

Pupil: "Is he?" (I got a million of 'em.)

Sept. 22: The boy hiding in the locker room didn't kill any one. It's just

that non-residents have been notified that their tuition is due.

Sept. 25: Class I, II, and III were called into the hall today. Mr. Cleary gave a talk about classification tests of the army. It appears that we are ALL going to be drafted.

Sept. 26: No bulletin today, not even on milk!! It is rumored that windows on the third floor are going to be washed.

Sept. 27: The order has been issued that money for raffle tickets and the like cannot be collected in school. Dear pupils, do not feel that payments to the *Register* must be held up because of this. Kick in. Violin, Viola, Cello, and String Brass lessons have begun. Thank goodness that they will be given in the basement.

Sept. 28: Overheard in classroom:

Teacher: "You all know, of course, that variety is the spice of life."

Wit: "Yes, sir; but too much spice gives you heart-burn."

Sept. 29: A program today! The Sixth Class was baffled. The Fourth Class breathed a sigh of relief, and the First Class sent a delegate to Mr. Powers to express its thanks.

Oct. 2: Mr. Benson asked for a definition of the word *aplomb*. Some say it's a fruit. Others say it's what you get when you don't study. Mr. Benson says it means self-confidence. Can he be right?

Oct. 3: The Debating Club announced its first meeting today. . . . All pupils aspiring to the position of cheerleader met today in Room 112. Bronchitis epidemic is expected.

Oct. 4: All students were urged to cooperate in the waste-paper salvage drive. Class I suggests doing away

with tests to save paper. . . . Music appreciationists heard Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony today.

Oct. 5: *Day-dream for today*: To drive into a gas station and say, "Fill her up, Bud."

Oct. 6: Most of the school went to see Latin roll over Dorchester today in a hard-fought game, 6-2. Our team played a swell game against one of the best teams Dorchester High has had in many years, but the better team won. *Social note*: It is rumored that a number of seat-holders did not exercise their options and were headed homeward in their town cars.

Oct. 9: Students got a big laugh today when a stray cat landed in the lunch-room and some wag put a blue banner with a white "M" on it. That cat didn't know what it was getting into.

Oct. 11: Ye old R.R.R. has discovered that this year Latin School is really producing some brilliant chemists. In response to the question, "What's the quickest way to make Anti-Freeze?" one brilliant chemist answered, "Take away her pajamas." . . . Tomorrow we pay homage to Columbus. No school; no assignments; no nuthin'!

Oct. 12: Zzz. Zzz. Zzz. Thanks, Columbus, old boy. Zz. Oh, yes; the championship of Avenue Louis Pasteur was decided today, when B. L. S. beat its neighbor TWELVE-NOTHING. Zzzzzzzzzzz.

Oct. 13: Friday the thirteenth is here. Its yearly effect has already gripped ye R.R.R. Oh, well, there's still one week till the marks close. . . . Deadline Monday. Have I got enough nerve to hand this stuff in????



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